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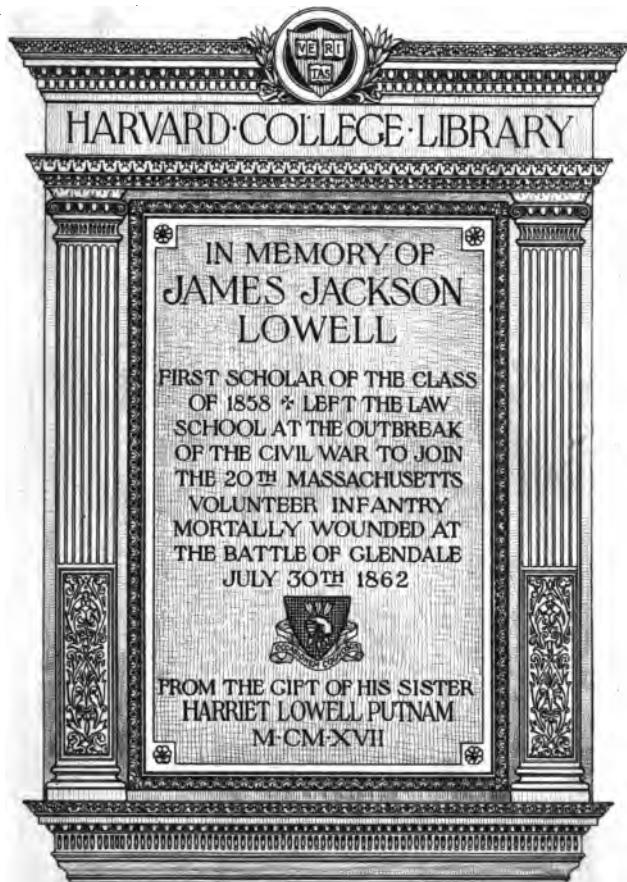
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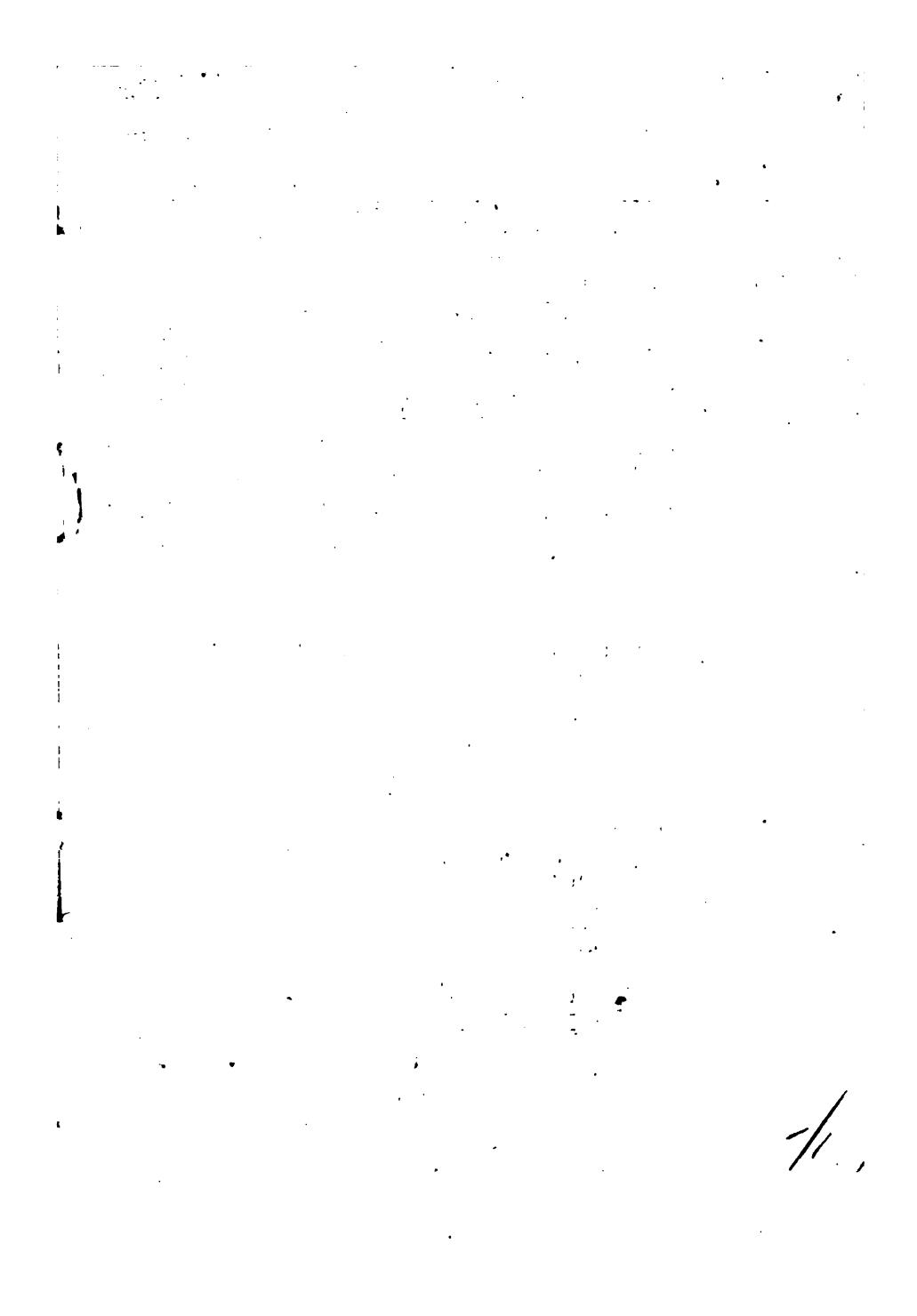
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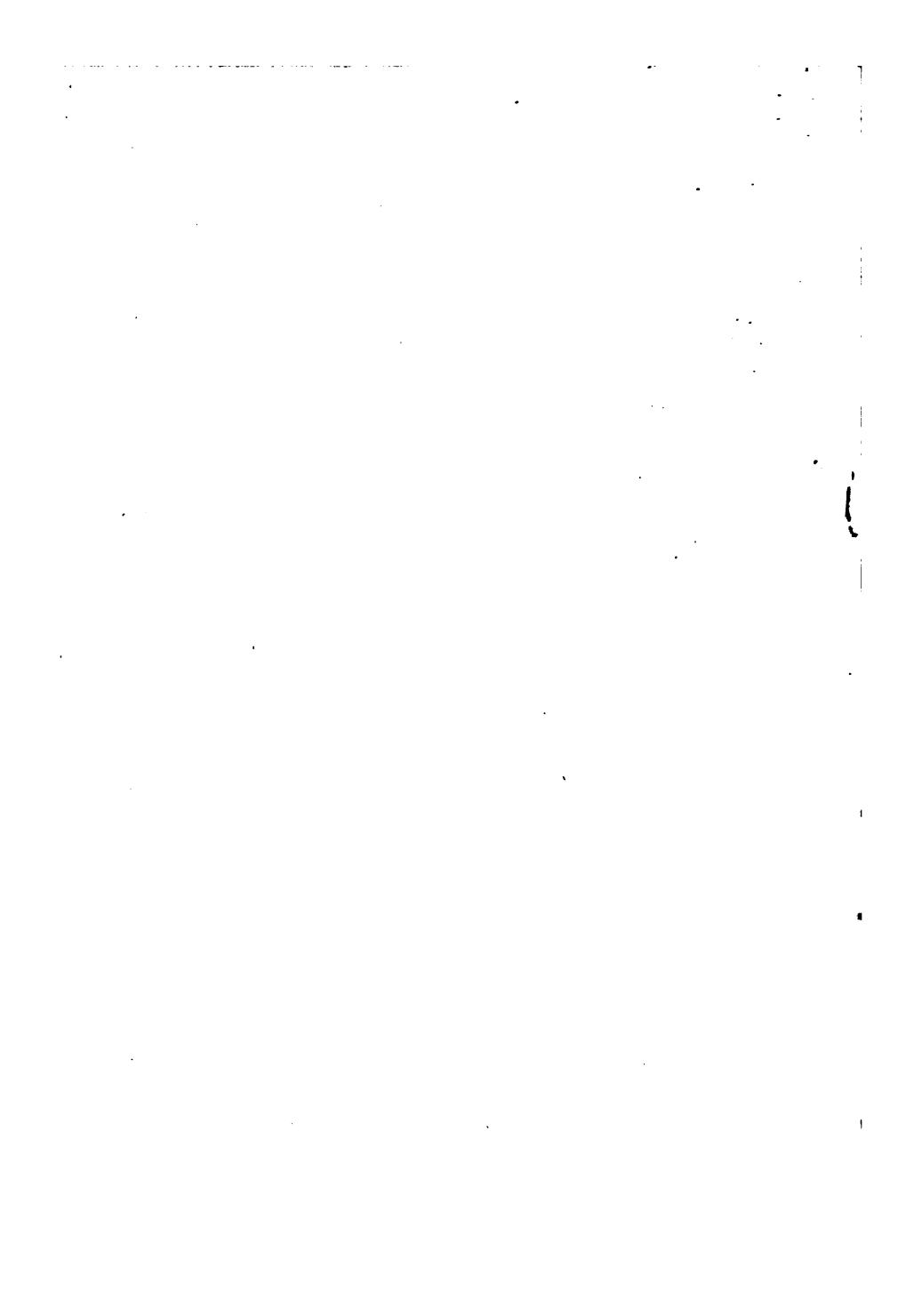
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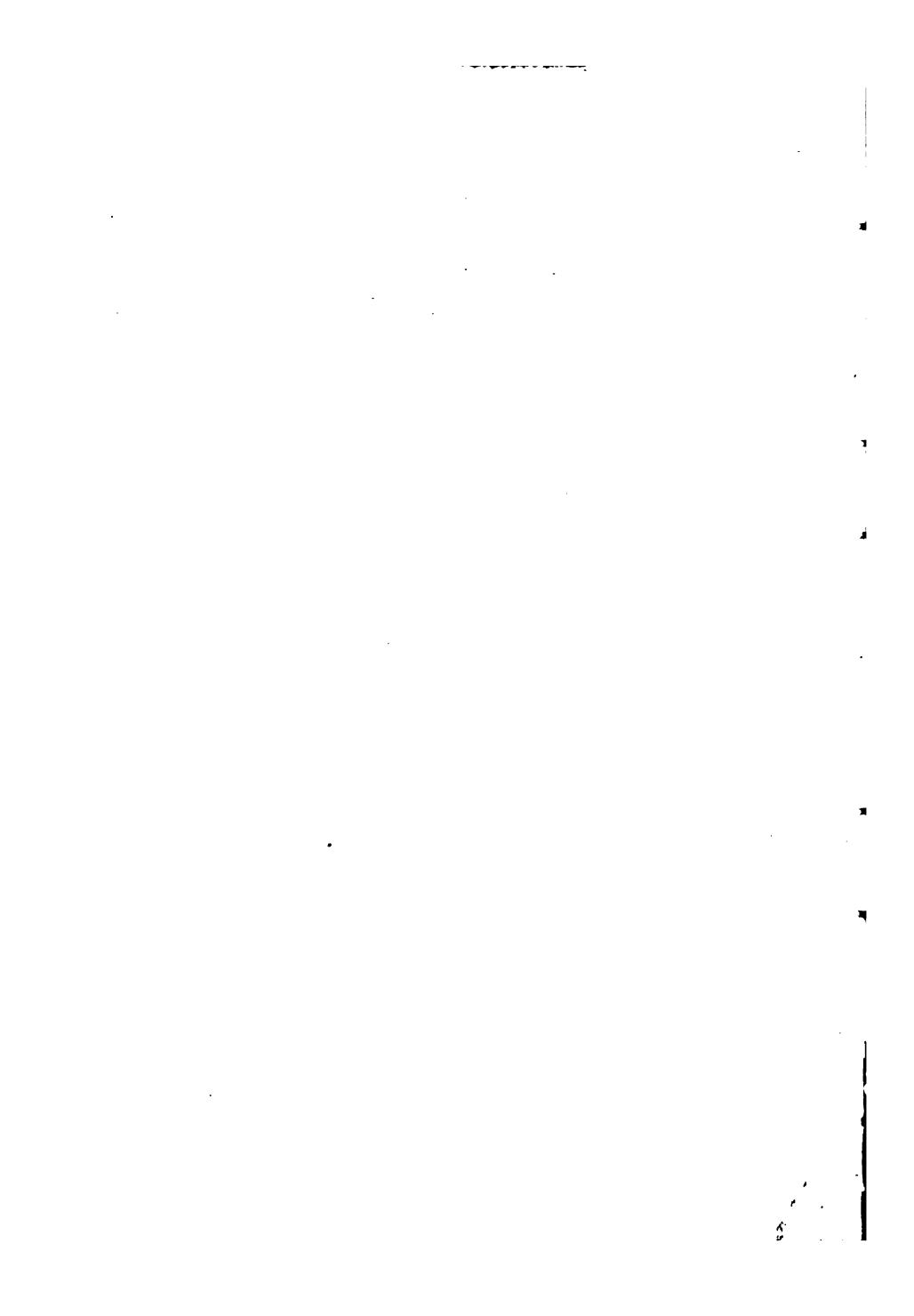
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## **WAR DRUMS.**



# WAR DRUMS

BY

LOUIS EDWARD SCHARKIE.

WEST MAITLAND:

T. DIMMOCK, GENERAL MACHINE PRINTER, HIGH-ST.,

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1899.

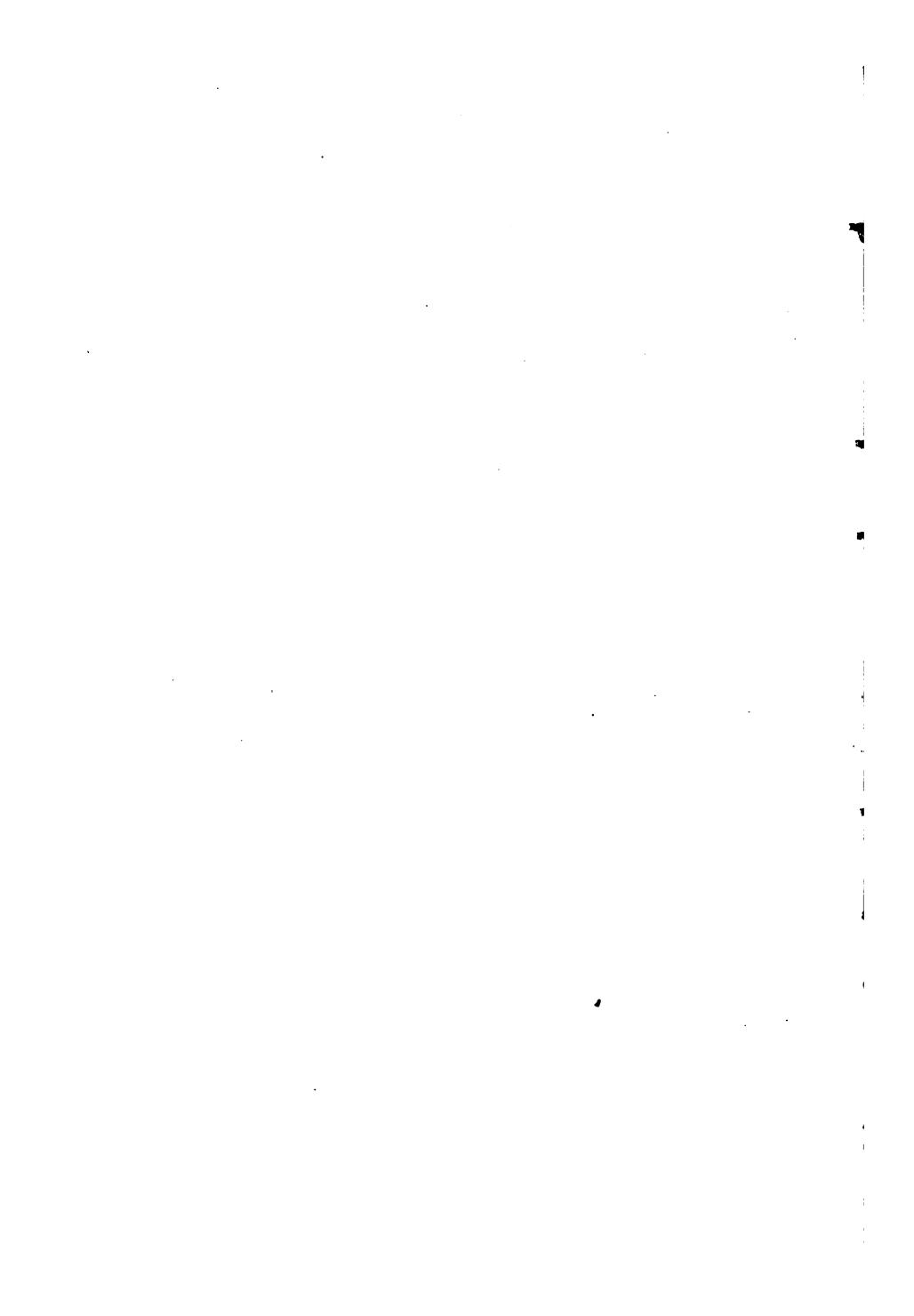
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**June 24, 1919**

**J. J. Lowell fund**

Dedicated  
to  
every Anglo-Saxon  
throughout  
the  
world.



#### PREFACE.

The seas are far, but thought is near,  
And hands will clasp in days to come.  
Tho' leagues divide, the warlike drum  
Will make the ties of kinship dear.

\*     \*     \*

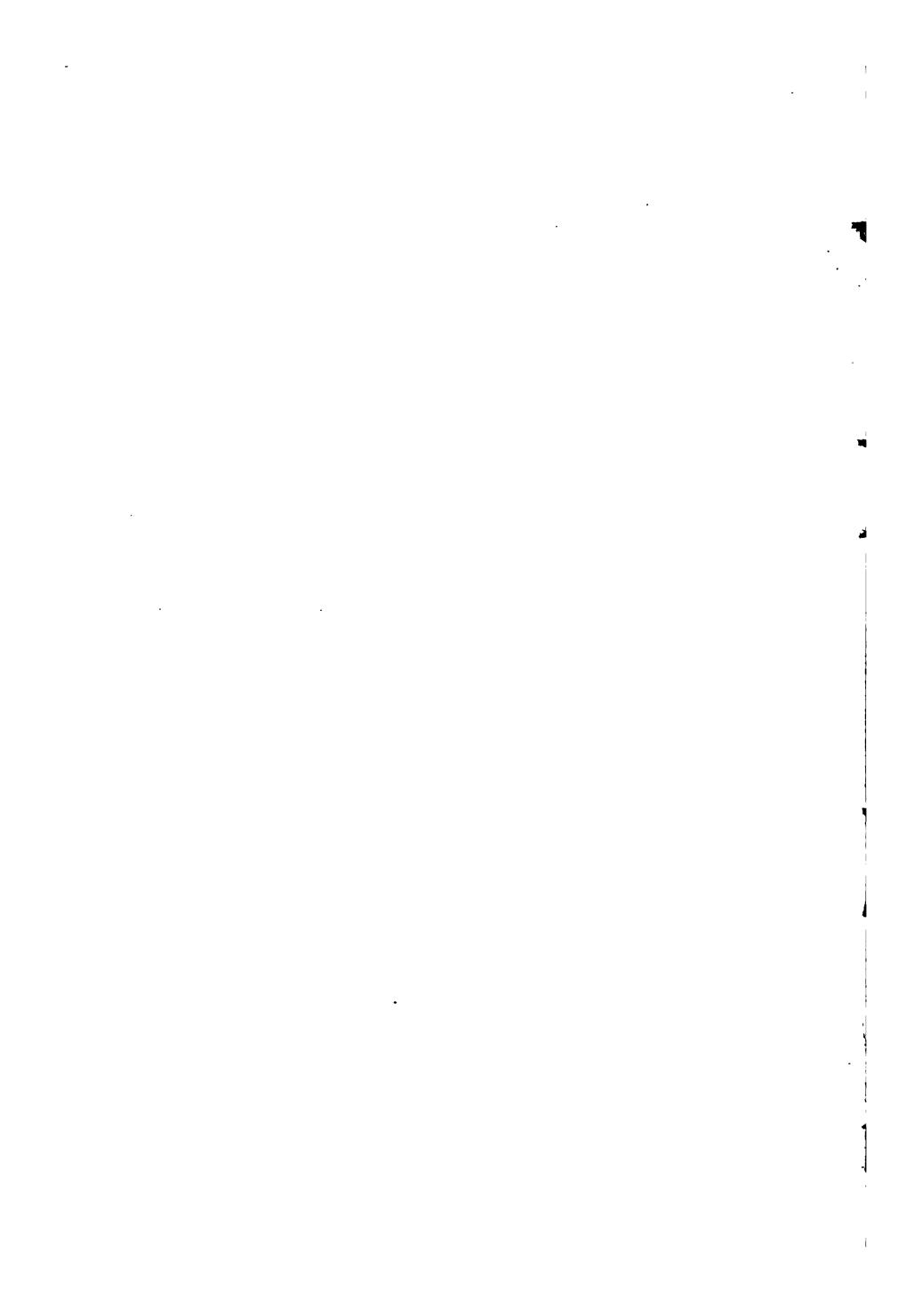
The clarion call, the measured tread,  
The fierce artillery's deathly boom ;  
The flying rout, the cloud of doom  
On shattered empires of the dead.

\*     \*     \*

Methinks the Right will never die,  
Nor champions of the truth uncrowned.  
A cloud of death may settle round,  
But God's true sun is in the sky.

\*     \*     \*

Hail, Britain ! hail. Thy foes are strong ;  
But God will lend His stronger aid.  
His might shall nerve thy warrior blade ;  
And He will make thy triumph song.

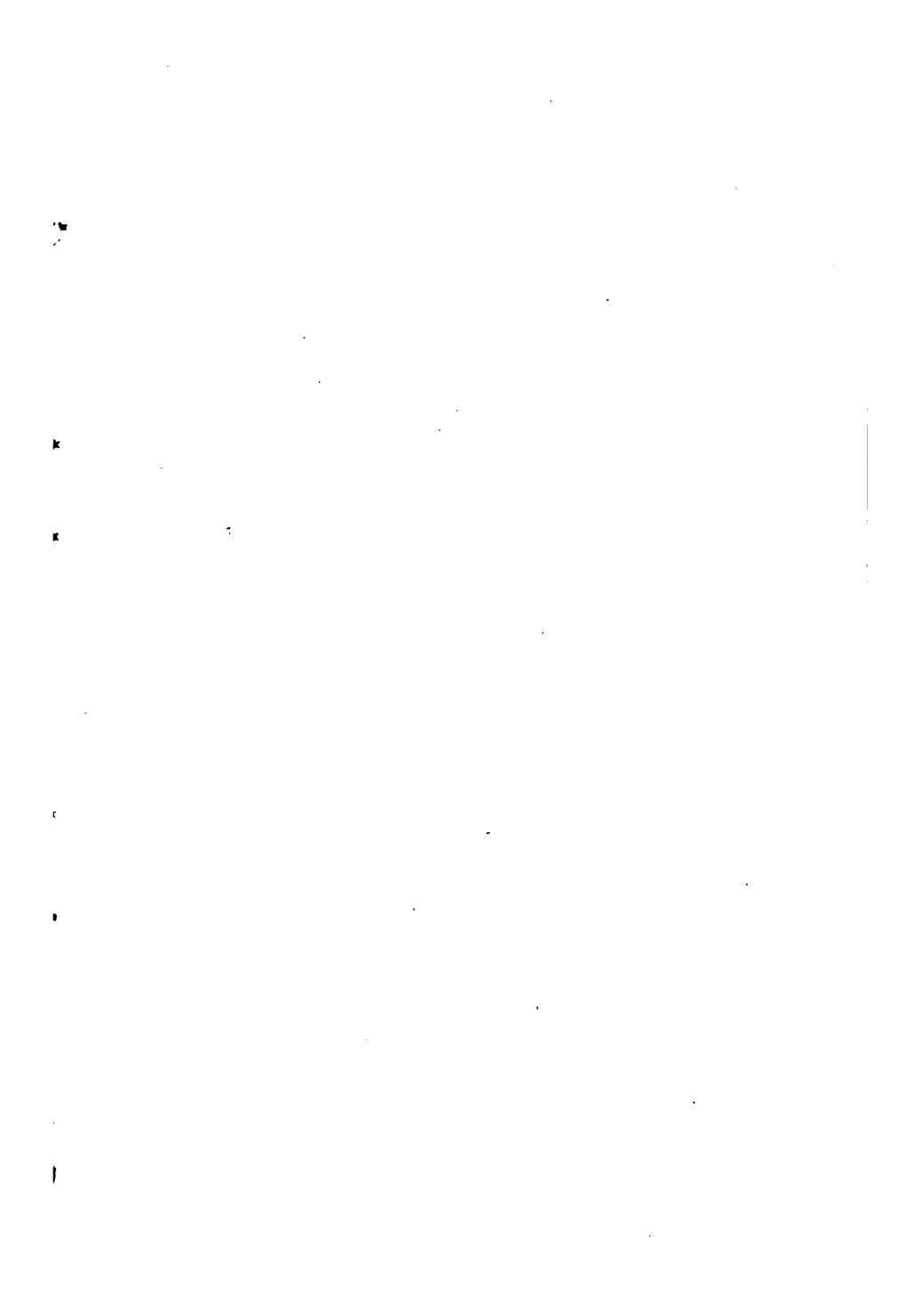


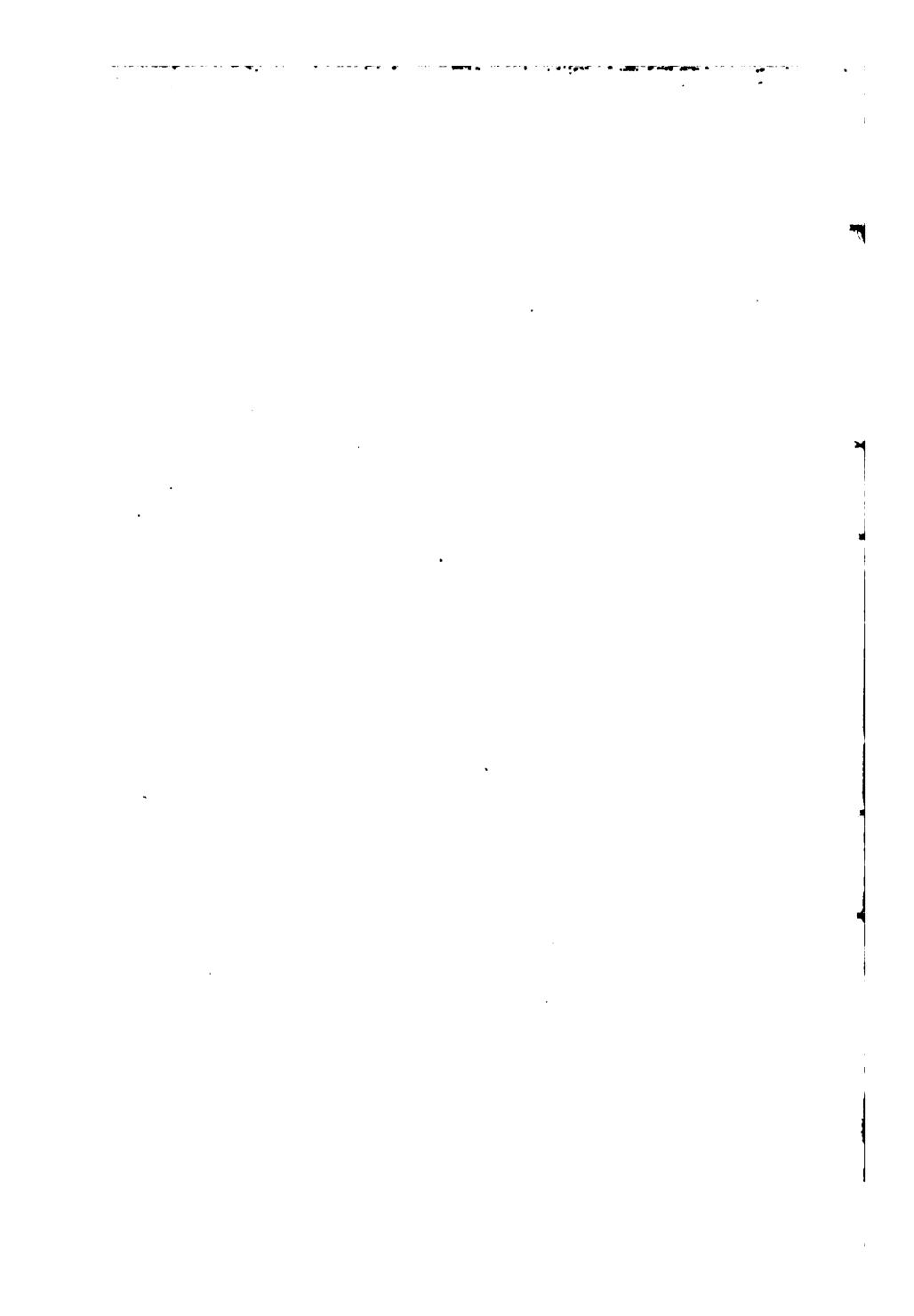
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## AT THE CANNON'S MOUTH.

Do ye hear it mothers ? Do ye hear the  
thunders from the water ?  
Do ye hear the blind worlds rocking to the  
earthquake shocks of war ?  
Do ye see the war-hounds leaping to the  
running fields of slaughter,  
And a reeking hell burst upwards through the  
cannon's central roar ?

AT THE CANNON'S MOUTH.

Do ye deem it mothers, that the peace ye  
hold so dearly  
Is a truce for blinding Senates to strike deeper  
and presume,  
Till the gamest king of Europe shall clash on  
their cunning clearly,  
And the world go off in thunder to a whirring  
roar of doom ?

Peace ! why mothers, 'tis an irony on common  
sense for claiming  
Such a shameful bastardy of common  
principles of trust.  
Truth ! the liar is a true man in the modern  
sense of naming,  
And the sneaking midnight filcher is as  
honest as the just.

Peace ! why mothers, are we madmen, or the  
tools of jealous passion,  
To bear state to customs moulded to a greedy  
Senate's nod ?

AT THE CANNON'S MOUTH.

Do we hold what truth and peace are ? Do  
we know them but by fashion  
Of believing that the world's old verdict is  
Creation's God ?

Bah ! we men are fools for thinking—simple  
tools of infant prattle.  
How we cherish frothy vengeance to redeem  
a simple deed ?  
Better, far, burst up the bubble with a million  
roars of battle—  
Flaring hecatombs to sicken the grim gluttony  
of greed.

Sooth ! 'tis coming—bitter war by hill and  
valley ; deathly thunder  
Roaring wild from peak to sea-line as a  
universal knell.  
War by land, and war by water ; war sprung  
up with hellish wonder,  
Bursting barrier and bastion with artillery of  
hell

AT THE CANNON'S MOUTH.

Death and doom, and blood and battle ;—  
carnival of fiends infernal ;—  
Corpses, mothers, thick as autumn leaves  
dropt by the blustering South.  
Price, we madmen pay for being jealous; sooth  
we soon will learn well  
Of a deeper, sadder wisdom gathered at the  
cannon's mouth

Weep, ye mothers ! weep but blame not. 'Tis  
the blasting curse of ages  
Bursting like a breaker to be silent evermore  
and cease.  
Shout, ye mothers ! shout, but praise not ;  
doom of war hath woeful wages ;  
But the thunder-peal of cannon is the  
harbinger of peace.

Roar, ye mighty kings of battle ! roar unto  
the winds of heaven ;  
Whirl your war cries outward through the  
daylight and the gloom ;

AT THE CANNON'S MOUTH.

Flash your blades into the sunrise ; flash them  
to the gates of even ;

Flash them in a dripping storm of blood  
towards the day of doom.

Wake the world to scenes of carnage ; wake  
it to annihilation.

Ye be leaders to a brighter morning though  
ye wade through blood.

Truth will bud where ye would slay it ; peace  
grow white through red oblation,  
Flashing towards a calmer daybreak, as a  
tideless, crystal flood.

## ECHOES.

I would sing of stone-blind hazes, blind as  
dead eyes of the dusk ;  
Swooning seas 'neath sombre sunrise, creeping  
creeks in moon and musk ;  
Mazy meres, and misty moorlands, fog-  
wreathes blinding pallid suns ;  
Twilights, purple, cowled, and pallid, as dead  
kings, and hooded nuns.

I would sing of broken thunders roaring over  
thirsty tracts ;  
Leaping flames in famished forests, ravines  
splashed with cataracts ;  
Wailing winds of wintry weather sobbing over  
lorn lagoons ;  
Silent midnights, pallid with the ghostly stare  
of winter moons.

ECHOES.

I would sing of bird and blossom ; lap and lisp  
of running rills ;  
Moon-lit peaks, like royal fathers, rising over  
regal hills ;  
Lisp of rain in clapping tree-tops ; wood-winds  
waking up their harps ;  
Sunrise slanting over dingles, nestled under  
dewy scarps.

But alas ! my heart grows weary with the  
thoughts that weigh it down,  
And its songs are only echoes of the music it  
would crown.  
Like, maybe, the far-off bleating of a lamb on  
lonely dunes,  
Or the listless lap of mountain tarns to far-off  
misty moons.

## WAR-SONG OF THE SAXONS.

Hurrah for the roar of guns at war,  
And the clang of bolt and steel ;  
Hurrah for the shout, and the rush, and the  
rout,  
Where the horse and the rider reel.  
Hurrah for the ball that can crush and gall,  
And the blade that can cut, and kill ;  
For the shrieking shell, like a flaring hell  
In the gaps of a flaming hill.

WAR-SONG OF THE SAXONS.

Is it right? Is it wrong? Can our babes  
lisp the song  
Of an ill that might vanish and cease?  
Is it wrong? Is it right? Will we grapple  
and fight,  
Or rot in a deadly peace?  
A peace that a thrall might cower to call  
A blind world's boon, or a blind world's flaw,  
When a word from a throne might topple  
the zone  
In a bloody red maelstrom of war.

Is it peace when the pen lights the passions  
of men  
With deeds of aggression and wrong?  
When the cry for the right leads to clangour  
and fight,  
And grist for the crafty and strong.  
When justice is sold for prestige and gold;  
And loyalty, blind as the Calf,  
Is the rabble's wild cry, e'er they marshal  
to die,  
While Senates sit scheming, and laugh.

WAR-SONG OF THE SAXONS.

Give us death, give us war, give us thunder  
and roar  
Of loud-ringing shocks of the plain,  
Where bullet and bolt batter village and holt,  
And blood runs as streams of the rain.  
Is it peace ? Give us death that will stifle the  
breath,  
And silence the world evermore ;  
Better, far, mangled bones, ruined walls,  
toppled thrones,  
Than a peace that is heavier than war.

Nay ! cry not a shame on a hope and a name  
That would strike for a shadowless peace,  
Where strife is wide-hurled, and its battle-  
flags furled,  
And flung in the depths of the seas.  
Will it come when the claw of Senate and law  
Is claspt on the will of the free ?  
When Emperors plan, nor reckon of man,  
In hopes of a fruitful sea ?

WAR-SONG OF THE SAXONS.

Will it come ? Yea, come with the boom of  
the drum,  
And the cannon-blast bellowing doom,  
When men will withdraw from the horror of  
war,  
As terror would fly from a tomb.  
In carnage, and shout, in the charge, and the  
rout,  
The world's saddest tale will be told,  
When the cannons' last boom will have uttered  
their doom,  
Where the corpses lie mangled and cold.

Then evermore fight ; yea evermore fight,  
Till battle and clangour are done ;  
Till a warrior's robe will be cursed round the globe  
And a warrior cursed 'neath the sun.  
Give us death, give us war, give us thunder and  
roar,  
And world-rocking battles and boom,  
Till the truth will be caught, where we grappled  
and fought,  
In a Phoenix of ghastliest doom.

## THE RUSTLING OF THE LEAVES.

On purple ladders, down the west descending,  
Day stept his lonely journey to his bed ;  
And as a tired child, when dreams are blend-  
ing  
Their odours round his head,

Closed, slow, his golden eyes, and fell asleep.  
And out upon the twilight, one lone star,  
Like a big tear-drop on the golden deep,  
Gleamed o'er the twilight bar.

### THE RUSTLING OF THE LEAVES

And winds woke up their gentlest harps—such  
    harps

As play as evenglow,—when sunset lights  
Are fading back from silent gorge and scarps,  
And far forsaken heights.

Above me, in the linden, I could hear  
The rustling memories of other days,  
Trailing like ships upon a wooded mere,  
In floating folds of haze.

Or burning stars gone down in midnight deeps,  
Or ebbing songs that chase the fleeing lark,  
Or sunset lights far-fading from cold steeps,  
And dying in the dark.

Ripplings of happy dreams, of sunshine hours,  
Of nights of stars, and days with clouds o'ercast,  
Of moonbeams quivering through life's full  
    flowers,  
And voices of the past.

And where are they?—all silent in their grim  
Cold resting places,—voiceless, lorn, and fled?

### THE RUSTLING OF THE LEAVES

Yea !—silent, cold, and pallid as weird, dim,  
Dead echoes of the dead.

My sun sets now in other lands,—o'er meres  
Where sounds all night the plover's mournful  
wail ;  
And morning's wooded walks are drenched with  
tears,  
And noonday lashed with hail.

Where night grows all aglow with stars ; and  
moons  
Swathe far-off misty seas with pallid beams ;  
And wood-winds hush their leafy-throated  
tunes,  
And die like voiceless dreams.

## THE WRECK OF THE “MAITLAND.”

Deep in the sea, let their burial be,  
Deep in the wave that they loved so well,  
Deep with the barque that was dashed in the  
dark—  
Darker than death, and as wild as hell.

Thunder and hail, and wind like a wail,  
Or the pitiful sob of a dirge;  
Rain from the clouds, on the foam, and the  
shrouds,  
Hissing cold with the seethe of the surge.

THE WRECK OF THE "*MAITLAND*."

"Captain" they said when the light had fled  
Too soon from the storm-smitten wave,  
"Wild is the sky, and the sea will run high,  
And the storm might be marking our grave."

"Tut, tut," he cried, and he laughed aside,  
"The wind is our music, the foam our beds ;  
Outward, ho!—and away we go."  
And he steered, in the storm, through the  
gaping Heads.

On thro' the dark, flew the gallant barque,  
Tossing and rolled on a raging sea ;  
Till the storm, at length, broke in double  
strength,  
And the hurricane howled in horrible glee.

Seethed the froth like a demon's wrath ;  
Whistled and howled, the gale in the shrouds ;  
Whistled and screamed, like a dying fiend ;  
Howled and sang to the flying clouds.

Tossed, rude and rough, from the crest to the  
trough,  
"Captain ! ah whither ?" they cried in fear.

THE WRECK OF THE "MAITLAND."

'God be our Guide, in this storm, o'er the tide',  
And he wiped from his eyelid, a scalding tear.

"The fires are out;" then a cry and a shout  
Rang high o'er the tempest's booming shocks,  
For she drifted past, to the will of the blast,  
Nigh the sharpened teeth of the gaping rocks.

Wan shone the light of a stormy dawn,  
And the misty rains fell thick and blowy,  
When the *Maitland*, caught in the waves she  
fought,  
Was drifting—a wreck, off Barrenjoey.

Pale lips quivered, and cold forms shivered,  
And frenzied voices rang shrill, and screaming,  
Where she struck and lay, like a thing of prey  
In the glutting jaws of a hungry demon.

Pallid the dawn of a stormy morn,  
Shone cold and dim on crag and horn,  
When a swimmer, brave, was stemming the  
wave,  
And bearing the prayers of hearts forlorn.

THE WRECK OF THE "*MAITLAND*."

For a rope he bore from the ship to the shore,  
And he hauled them to land thro' a raging hell,  
Till she sunk amain, and a shriek of pain  
Was the requiem prelude of their farewell.

Honor his name as a knight's of fame ;  
As a chivalrous knight of the days gone by.  
Lion-heart, brave, of the stormy wave !  
Daring the billows, to do or die.

Honor the dead that lie low in their bed :  
Honor the griefs that they cannot tell.  
Deep in the sea let their burial be—  
Deep in the wave that they loved so well.

## THE SHADOW OF BATTLE.

Gone the days of peace and quiet; gone the  
golden-footed hours—  
Once, the playmates gay of love and youth in  
summer shining bowers.

Gone, the days when hope may linger at the  
angel-guarded gate,  
Peering through, with conscious wonder, on the  
phantom of its fate.

THE SHADOW OF BATTLE.

Bitter days of bold endeavour, framed of iron-moulded wills,  
Break, with every nearer sunrise, over battle-cumbered hills.

Near adown the future, fashioned to the  
heat of rounding suns,  
Wild contending armies grapple in the roar  
of blaring guns.

Foe-like factions, bloody-hearted, with the  
tiger-scent of fate,  
Trail the vitals of a kingdom through the level  
of their hate.

Realms, disrupted, self-dismembered, rotting  
in intestine lust,  
Shivered with the shocks of battle, lie their  
laurels in the dust.

Blood and rapine, grown imperial, rule with  
iron-handed might,  
And the sage asks, in confusion, “where is  
wisdom, where is right?”

### THE SHADOW OF BATTLE.

Blood and life flow free as water down a  
foaming cataract hurled,  
Soaking, blood-like, drenching, dew-like all  
the morals of the world.

Ah ! we mutter in our silence, as we lie upon  
our shields,  
“ Whose the blade that drips triumphant with  
the blood of battle-fields ?”

While the seas rock round the mainlands with  
the crash of bellowing guns,  
And the mothers' hearts go bleeding for the  
slaughter of their sons.

Calm, methinks, amid the carnage, and the  
crash of fiery fights,  
Calm, I see the Saxon brothers joining with  
the Teuton knights.

See their jarring discords melting like the  
mist-line or the lea,  
When the Russo-Frankish clarion calls to  
battle on the sea.

THE SHADOW OF BATTLE.

Hear the guns that shook the Baltic, and the  
bastions of Sedan,  
Shake the seas with living thunders, for the  
good of God and man.

Shouting Right, their loudest war-cry, where  
hot bolts are thickest hurled,  
And tumultuous, far flung thunders shake  
a battle blasted world.

Till false Senates in their scorning, toppled  
round degraded kings,  
Rot with all the leprous attributes their  
cursed deception brings.

Till the name of war (no longer theme of  
verse and warrior's robe)  
Shall be closed with kings that whirled it to  
the verges of the globe.

While acclaiming victors, with the blazoned  
folds of peace unfurled,  
Lead the grand procession of a free, and  
federated world.

## ALICE.

We stood at the garden gate;  
He kissed me, and then turned  
to go.  
How I loved him—heav'ns! a fate  
So bitter, none could scarcely  
know.  
Ah! he towered so proud in view,  
When the rising moonlight  
crowned him.  
Looked he, then, so good and true,  
All my woman's heart went round  
him.

ALICE.

When he left me, love grew in me,  
    Like a fountain, full and clear,  
Whose bright music sought to win me  
    To a regal atmosphere.  
Far, on fancy's wings, I floated ;  
    Built a mansion near the stars—  
Purple-folded, crimson-moated,  
    Flashing under twilight bars.

Earth was air, and air was motion ;  
    Birds were seraphs singing grand ;  
Crisping foam-flakes of the ocean,  
    Turned to kisses on the sand.  
Spicy cloudlets, o'er the mountains,  
    Were his messengers to me ;  
Sunlight in the splashing fountains,  
    Flashed his thoughts across the sea.

From the lattice in my palace,  
    From my palace in the clouds,  
I, the single-hearted Alice,  
    Saw no solemn range of clouds ;  
Saw no funeral cortège rolling  
    From the foam-wet shore to me ;

ALICE

Heard no solemn sea-bell tolling,  
Slowly, for the dead at sea.

All the world was full of ringing ;  
Full of swinging, merry bells ;  
Full of golden sunrise, bringing  
Fragrance from its purple wells.  
Bright and pure, his love was on me,  
And my heart was blithe and free ;  
Blithe, was Louis' love that won me,  
E'er his ship went out to sea.

But, alas ! my house grew shrouded  
With a driving mist and hail.  
Round it, bitter sea-clouds crowded,  
Driven by an icy gale.  
Roared, the sea, along the shingle ;  
Howled the tempest ; shrieked the  
bird ;  
Wreck and terror seemed to mingle,  
When the minute gun was heard.

Ah ! I see the misty glimmer  
Of the lanterns on the shore.

ALICE.

How the thunder-peals grew dimmer  
In the rising breakers' roar.  
Death, that night, was on the surges,  
Trampling on the foaming lines ;  
Winds were howling dismal dirges,  
Where they caught the whining pines.

Death, that night, was on the surges ;  
Plumes were tossing in the gale ;  
Winds, wide-howling dismal dirges,  
Seemed to bear the mournful tale.  
Ah ! I see the foam-wreath curling,  
Where he sunk beneath the wave ;  
Hear the dreary thunder hurling  
Hisses on his lonely grave.

Bitter years will break, and sever  
Bitterer memories of the wave ;  
And the seas will rock, forever,  
Louis, in his green sea-grave.  
But my love will never weary,  
Never droop at boding ill ;  
Tho' the years be dark and dreary,  
All my heart is with him still.

## NIGHT.

Oft have I thought of the dead at sea  
    In their sea-graves lonely,  
When the night is black with flying rack,  
    And wild winds only ;  
When the plover cries lone on the windy moor,  
    With its mournful complaining ;  
And wet pines wail to the ghostly gale,  
    That is heavy with raining.

Oft have I thought of the dead at sea  
    In their sea-graves sleeping,  
When the sea-bell's clang, like a death-knell  
    rang,  
    Or wild winds weeping.  
When the gale, flying wild thro' the sable  
    night,  
    Rode high on the surges ;

NIGHT.

And death was abroad, and sea-fiends roared  
Aloud with their dirges.

Yet night ! there are brighter reflections of  
thee  
Than death, and sea-moanings,  
That are heard in the blast when 'tis hurrying  
past  
With its thunders and groanings.  
When thou foldest the day, like a tired child,  
In his drap'ry of twilight,  
The sense of a balm creeps cool thro' the calm  
That thou shed'st in the skylight.

O'er the tops of the hills, fringing dorsum and  
peak  
With a hyaline halo,  
The moon, like a queen, over realms serene,  
Rises ambient and fallow.  
And the sea, dimpled o'er with her trampling  
beams,  
Shoots shimmer and glister ;  
And leaves, where the breeze leaps aloft in the  
trees,  
Awaken, and whisper.

NIGHT.

And thy sister is sleep ; and she comes from  
the stars,  
And over the valleys ;  
And the world, soothed of cares, sinks low at  
its prayers,  
'Mid a silence that hallows  
And the sighings of love, and the burdens of  
time,  
And toil that distresses,  
Are swayed in her arms, while she pillows and  
charms,  
And smoothes, and caresses.

Then the morn grows gray thro' deeper air ;  
On purple, high places ;  
And thou and thy stars, 'neath morning's gold  
bars,  
Have hidden your faces.  
And the song of the flowers, commingled with  
mine,  
Follows thee to the highlight,  
Where thou closest to sleep, like the moon  
from the deep,  
On the lap of the twilight.

## A STORM IN THE CANGONG MOUNTAINS.

From topmost peak to lowliest creek,  
The wind is dead and dry ;  
Where the bush-fire lags, the toppled crags  
Stand up in the torrid sky.  
Deep under the sedge, by the river's edge,  
The speckled bull-frog shrieks ;  
Or by blistered blocks of jagged rocks,  
Where swelter the dead-lipped creeks.

'Tis thè depth of noon, and the woods are  
strewn  
With corpses of tree and bloom.  
The reckless heat blasts the bearded wheat,  
And day is a hell of doom.  
The bellowing flocks lick the waterless rocks  
That lie at the runnel's bed ;

### A STORM IN THE CANGONG MOUNTAINS.

And like things accurst with a pitiless thirst,  
Suck the foam from the lips of their dead.

Lo ! the air grows deep, as a moveless sleep  
On a sleeper on his couch ;  
And a stillness invades yon windless glades,  
Where the panting dingoes crouch.  
Like the dazzling gauge of a flaming forge,  
The heat is white and fell ;  
And Cangong heights flare up in its lights,  
Like bars in the jaws of hell.

Ah God ! can'st Thou know the loss and the  
woe  
That tramples our hearts beneath ;  
That the flocks and the fruits shrivel dead to  
their roots,  
And rot on a blasted heath.  
Our hopes are as graves, cast deep in the  
waves  
Which a cold dereliction enchains,  
For the clamour of death fills the air with a  
breath  
That blisters, and stifles, and pains.

A STORM IN THE CANGONG MOUNTAINS.

See ! the scene is changed ; o'er the sky is  
ranged

Long rolls of sable clouds,  
Like huddled wolds, or inky folds  
Of night-bláck Titans' shrouds.  
On whirling stoles, the storm-wind rolls,  
And carries the lightnings forth ;  
And thunders deep, rock the hills asleep,  
Booming far in the troubled North.

To dare the bale of the coming hail,  
Or to follow the hurricane's track,  
With wings outdrawn, as if stretched in scorn,  
An eagle whirls round in the rack.  
But a glaring streak strikes his bearded beak,  
And he topples with feathery rattle ;  
And thunders crash on the lightning's flash,  
Like a thousand guns in battle.

On the rock-barred crags, the tempest lags,  
And covers all speech in eclipse,  
Like demons outcast, who sit in the blast,  
And howl with a myriad lips.

A STORM IN THE CANGONG MOUNTAINS.

And the ruthless gale drives the icy hail  
Like bolts over battle tracts ;  
And thunder drops on the wattle tops,  
Fall like rushing cataracts.

Through the gorges vast, the storm has past,  
With its hurricane, hail, and roar ;  
And its thunders boom in the inky gloom,  
Like seas on a lonely shore.  
Down boulders steep, the cascades leap,  
And foam where the precipice stops.  
And fog-clad fays, from the runnel ways,  
Creep aloft in the wattle tops.

And down where the day ebbs its light away,  
Deep down o'er the mist lined wolds,  
White cloud-drifts are there like seraphs at  
prayer,  
Or lambs in their fleecy folds.  
And glowing afar, peep planet and star,  
O'er spaces and cloud-shadowed nooks.  
And the songs of the night, heard o'er valley  
and height,  
Are the psalms of the running brooks.

## BEYOND THE TIDE.

Beyond the field, beyond the foam,  
Far past the shining harbour bar,  
Towards the sea, towards a star,  
Towards the shining gates of home.

The ship in port, the anchor plied,  
The lisping ripple on the strand,  
The portals wide, the open hand,  
The welcome kiss beyond the tide.

BEYOND THE TIDE.

Dark is the night, with the weight of a wail  
on it,

Drear as the sob of a dolorous dirge.

Wild is the sea, with tatters of sail on it,

Shriek in the tempest, and death on the  
surge

Far on the foam, on the cold bitter crest of it,

Topples and struggles the wraith of a form.

Where is the tale of it? What is the quest of  
it?—

Phantom of Me, in the roar of the storm.—

Dark is the night, with the weight of a wail  
on it,

Drear as the sob of a dolorous dirge;

Wild is the sea, with tatters of sail on it,—

Shriek in the tempest, and death on the  
surge.

Far in the days when love was the crown on  
them,

Back, in the dawn of a beautiful world,

Joy, like a river of crystal, ran down on them;

Peace with the gold, and the purple im-  
pearled.

BEYOND THE TIDE.

Never was tree with so perfect a bloom on it ;  
    Never so sweet was the lisp of the rain ;  
Never was night with the shadow of gloom on it ;  
    Never was day with the burden of pain.  
Dark is the night, with the weight of a wail on  
    it,  
    Drear as the sob of a dolorous dirge.  
Wild is the sea, with tatters of sail on it,  
    Shriek in the tempest, and death on the  
    surge.

Fair glode the shallop with white sails aloft on  
    it ;  
    Winds woke to song on its glittering spars ;  
Sunbeam and shadow broke silent and soft on  
    it ;  
    Calm in the deep was the light of the stars.  
Purple and gold of the dawn filled the sail of it ;  
    Ripple and breeze danced in garrulous glee ;  
Sunset brought thunder and wind, and the  
    wail of it  
    Stifled the music, and startled the sea.  
Far on the foam, on the cold bitter crest of it,  
    Topples and struggles the wraith of a form.

BEYOND THE TIDE.

Where is the tale of it? What is the quest of  
it?—

Phantom of Me, in the roar of the storm.—

Spirit of Me! with the weight of the night on it;  
Doomed with a darkness, and doubt, and  
eclipse;

Driven from home with blackness and blight  
on it,

Left when the curses were dead on His lips.  
Thence stamped the hurricane's harrowing feet  
on it;

Bitter lipped dirges howled cold on the foam;  
Storms of the winter rose rugged, and beat on it;  
Shattered its moorings, and drove it from  
home.

Sorrow and grief, and the bitter drear drips of  
them,

Seethed on the wearying wail of the waves;  
Thunders moaned out on the sinister lips of  
them,

Visions of spectres, and phantoms of graves.

Where is there hope for it? Where is there  
rest for it,

BEYOND THE TIDE.

Rest from the tumult, and hope for the light ?  
Shriek, ye wild surges, and deafen the quest of  
it—

Quest of a cry of a voice in the night.  
Hope ! on far-away reaches God's ministers  
speak of it --

Speak of a hope that will cover the graves,  
Death, and the sea, and the wearying shriek of  
it,

Sorrow, and grief, and the wail of the waves.  
See ! a day breaking with amber light rolled  
on it,

Scatters the darkness, and heralds a morn—  
Blood of a God is the purple and gold on it—  
Blood of a God is the light of the dawn.

Fair glides the shallop with white sails aloft  
on it ;

Winds wake to song on its glittering spars ;  
Sunbeam and shadow break silent and soft on it;

Calm in the deep is the light of the stars.  
Purple and gold of the dawn spread their  
wings to it ;

Ripple and breeze dance in garrulous glee ;

BEYOND THE TIDE.

Billow, far-leagued, is the singer that sings  
to it;

Sunset's low thunder falls sweet on the sea.  
Far on the foam, on the cold bitter crest of it,  
Hover white wings o'er the wraith of a form.  
Where is the tale of it? What is the quest of  
it?—

Christ in the shallop with me in the storm.

Beyond the field, beyond the foam,  
Far past the shining harbour bar,  
Towards the sea, towards a star,  
Towards the shining gates of home.

The ship in port, the anchor plied,  
The lisping ripple on the strand,  
The portals wide the open hand,  
The welcome kiss beyond the tide.

## SONGS OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

I

There are murmurs that float on the wings of the storm ;  
There are shriekings of whistles, and rumblings of cars ;  
There are roars from the sea coming up thick and warm,  
Like thunders that roll from the feet of the stars.  
There are stampings of feet to the beat of the drum ;  
There are plaudits prolonging the warrior's deeds ;  
There are lightnings of thought, striking pallid and dumb  
The blinded conceptions of ghastliest creeds.

SONGS OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

II

There were times when our projects lay  
darkened and sealed,  
Like the depth of the dark e'er the dawn of the  
day ;  
But glowering wastes turn to glimmering fields  
Where the hand of a Briton is pointing the way.  
The click of the pick, and the ring of the axe,  
And the split of the splinters that crackle, and fly,  
And the jingle of chains over leaguering tracks,  
Are a nations far echoes that never can die.

III

And cycles will fly on the pinions of time,  
And changes will shiver our idols to dust ;  
And customs we hugged to our hearts like a  
chime  
Shall be battered with stampers, and riddled  
with rust.  
And high on the steeps of progression of ages,  
Where clamouring peoples will grapple and  
shout,  
Proud problems, once blinding conception of  
sages.  
In clear revelations shall bud, and burst out.

## SONGS OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

### IV

And if feuds that have sunk the old Roman in  
death

Draw the blade that dissevers our kindliest ties,  
Or if factions uplift with their horrible breath,  
The dread image of blood on bewildering eyes,  
Then the world will behold the decay of a name  
And darkness o'erveiling the land as a deep ;  
The mournful descent of the temple of fame,  
And the horrible grip of a ghastly sleep.

### CHORUS

Then drink a deep draught for perfection of law  
To mould, for our people, equation of rights.  
Let union and peace, like high beacons before,  
Lead us on, side by side to delectable heights.  
Till factions lie buried with misery and crime,  
Deep, dark in the dust, to be trodden for aye,  
And our people, to errorless marches of time,  
Tread on to sublimer conceptions of day,

## THE HARBOUR OF THE WEST.

Down in those silent spaces let me float,  
Over in purple sunset cities yonder ;  
Yes ! let me steer my pearly little boat  
Into the twilight where gold wood-winds wander,  
Far as the evening star, and let me rest,  
Down in the golden harbour of the west.

Hope ! yonder, there is Eden ; close thine ears ;  
Hear not the muffled beating of the sea  
Behind, that breaks so lonely in its tears.  
Unfold thy weary pinions, fly with me,  
Far as the evening star, and let us rest  
Down in the golden harbour of the west.

### THE HARBOUR OF THE WEST.

Those silent spaces – filled with visions bright,  
Folded in amber glory, stoled in peace !  
There let me take my life-awearied flight  
Into their solitary loveliness,  
Far as the evening star, and let me rest  
Down in the golden harbour of the west.

Sunset pillowing longing in its arms ;  
Twilight tingling down the slopes of time ;  
Peaceful waters waving out their charms ;  
Amber ripples of eternal rhyme.  
Clear image of Eternity, sweet rest  
Down in the golden harbour of the west.

## PHIGENIA.

Down in his golden grave, the sun had dipt,  
And on his bier, upborne by golden spars,  
Evening, reclining, through the glimmer wept.  
Calm silence, like the moon in midnight hours,  
Lingered alone round her empurpled bowers.  
No leaflet rustled, and no wavelet stirred—  
Nature's great heart seemed still—no sound  
was heard.

Hushed like a dreamer in the arms of sleep,  
Too languid-lidded, and too tired to weep,  
The long, broad valley languishingly lay,  
In the soft splendour of declining day.  
While the pale moon, in silver garments stoled,  
Poured out her limpid beams among the gold ;  
And shadows, checquering on the paling light,  
Swift-heralded the fast approach of night.  
In Mizpeh's loftiest tower, e'er dusky bars  
Of shadow checquered on th'empurpling deep,

PHIGENIA.

And night, empanoplied in blazoned stars,  
Spilled the sweet opiates of rest and sleep,—  
In that old tower, where voiceless silence  
    seemed

Its guarding sentinel, and only guest,  
A maiden, thought-enfolded, sat, as streamed  
Out-flung, day's purple partings round the  
    west.

Scarce would you deem that life existed there—  
No motion save the lips that breathed a prayer.  
Calm, statue-like, she sat serenely still,  
With model grace that mocks the sculptor's  
    skill.

When lo ! she rose—intent, as if in thought —  
One gold-drenched sunset cloud, round-rimmed,  
    athwart

The twilight leaning, past adown, fire-bound,  
Deep-silent spaces, purple-city-crowned.

    And betwixt her and the twilight,  
    Gathering dense athwart the eye-light,  
    Tall and stately, dimly-dun set,  
    Bathed with purple, shot with sunset,  
    Gibeah's domes and towers together,  
    Parted the empurpled ether.  
    And, descending like the silence,

### PHIGENIA.

Which o'erveils eve's airy islands,  
When the moonbeams, crost by starlight,  
East-new-risen with their far-light,  
Wrap them pallid with their sheen,  
Fell a silence on the scene,  
Till a clarion, breathing lowly,  
Breathing gently, breathing slowly,  
Gathering nearer, clattered deeper  
Blasts of power through the meadow,  
Through the grave-yard, where the sleeper  
Slumbered stilly on his shadow ;  
And a voice, as sudden thunder,  
Shouting deeper than the pealing  
Of the music, cut asunder  
Every sense of sound and feeling.  
Thus it shouted " Israel! waken ;  
Jordan's fords are thick with spearmen ;  
Nebo's sides are trumpet-shaken,  
Blown by lips of savage Kirmen.  
Warriors ! heed the timely warning ;  
Rise, and gird ye e'er the morning."  
Then a trumpet blast was given,  
Crashing like an oak-tree, shattered  
With a lightning bolt from heaven ;  
Crashing in with hooves that clattered,

PHIGENIA.

Iron-belted onwards ; crashing  
Down the hearts of men with more  
Of dread and omen, like the roar  
At midnight heard, when the dashing  
Of the seas on some lone shore,  
Sounds high through tempest, storm, and wild-  
bird screech,  
And sailors' corses, wrack-wrapt, strew the  
beach.

Lo ! Venus rose, soft-trembling into light,  
Bright'ning with each convulsive gust of night.  
Scarce had she risen than a wind arose,  
And stirred the cedars till they sought repose.  
Stars, like white lamb-flocks in the vales of  
noon,  
Followed the silver footsteps of the moon.  
And wandering gusts, from blossom'd alleys  
borne,  
Blew fitful to the glimmering verge of dawn,  
When timorous shadows, struck with lightening  
bars,  
Dew-dropping cool, withdrew with all the stars,  
And bird and stream, with new-born being rife,  
Voluptuous, beat another day to life.

### A BIRD'S SONG.

I wandered down a lonely vale.  
A perfume-laden, passing gale  
Laughed lowly, as from valley violets, pale,  
    It ruffled the air.  
Adown, a winding streamlet wept ;  
And round about the shadows stept ;  
And glints of golden sunlight lowly slept  
    Here and there.

A BIRD'S SONG.

Else, all was calm and still ; no sound  
Ruffling the air ; silence profound  
Above me, and within me, and around,  
    Deep as a noble psalm ;  
Save that from yonder woven copse,  
A linnet's soul, singing, he drops  
On to the keys of nature's silent stops,  
    Hallowing the calm.

And thus he sang, " great heart, great mind,  
Pow'rful yet powerless, strong but blind ;  
Mighty to mourn the fate of human kind,  
    Lofty, but hollow.  
My beak, fresh-washed with coolest dew,  
Trills but one simple song for you :—  
Spread thy dull soul to yon empyrean blue—  
    Upwards and follow."

## WESTERN WINDS.

'Tis night, the moon is round and high,  
And stars are must'ring on th'ethereal heights ;  
Not as in other times, when all the sky  
Seems but a mass of blinking lights.

The stars are few ; perhaps, blown out  
By windy spirits from the western wolds,  
For every hill takes up an airy shout,  
And sways, and swings its leafy folds.

Loud western spirits !—long they've slept.  
One summer day, the violet, at their blast,  
Folded its purple little hands, and stept  
Across the present to the past.

WESTERN WINDS.

And since, they've slept apace, mayhap,  
Caverned with winter for a short respite,  
Gathering new purpose from their nap  
To chase the swallow on its seaward flight.

The oak-tree knows them, for he sighs ;  
The bamboo shrieks adown the spectral night ;  
And swell'n drap'ries, trailing thro' the skies,  
Toss like torn standards in the fight.

Blow, spirits ! blow ; rock ye the hills ;  
Waken the oak and reed in weirdest tone ;  
Yours is the music that the poet feels —  
Yours is the touch that wakes his own.

Plaint songs of hidden mountain streams,  
Guild his still harps with a diviner light ;  
And sunny bowers lapt in summer dreams,  
And stars reeling along the night.

But ye have meaning too,—weird, dim,—  
Nature's organ pealing it in your own  
Deep-toned, unriddled and eternal hymn,  
Struck to the thought of God alone.

## SONNET.

A purple glory bathes the western sky,  
E'er yet night's shadows sleep along the hills.  
Vesperian winds beat time, low-plaintively,  
To plash and murmur of soft-singing rills.  
The lark's sweet pipe has ceased its latest song ;  
The bee is cradled in the bud ; and far,  
Cold glittering lights, the azure curtain, throng—  
Planet on beaming planet, star on star.  
On sermons deep, fit time to feast the soul.  
Night, standing on her starry pulpit, free,  
Utters them in the dread, the silver roll  
Of spheres, woods, winds and waves, alternately—  
Touching the infinite, else far and untrod,  
With oracles divine that speak of God.

## SONNET.

On flaky spires, up the east ascending,  
Morn flashes out in stoles of purple light.  
Far in her silent halls, she, upward wending,  
Beats back the gloomy shadows of the night.  
The twilight brightens through a misty shower,  
Into red waves that calmly flow about ;  
And the moon pales, as pales a fading flower,  
And one by one night's trembling lamps go out.  
And up the glades, voluptuous songsters  
    sprinkle  
Cool dew-beads from blown wattles in their glee ;  
And pipe to where long sloping ridges wrinkle  
Athwart the hazy outlines of the sea,  
Which rolls round all, in restless change, and  
    calm,  
The organ chords of its eternal psalm.

## DESires.

Oh for a dip in the Sea of Stars,\*  
And the sound of a Ramah's rune !  
Oh for a peep in a Harem's bars,  
And a bed on the Mounts of the Moon ! †

Oh for a wind that would waft me away  
To the lovely gardens of bloom,  
Where the flower nymph knelt by the banks  
of Kathay  
And a rainbow flashed over the flume !

Oh for a loll on delectable dells  
Where the Peris were tuning their lutes,  
When the Scourge of the Deevs rose up  
from the wells,  
And dashed through the garden of fruits !

---

\* The source of the river Whango.

† Mounts of Gumr.

DESires.

Oh for a shallop to bear me afar  
To the Pool of Music and Song, ‡  
That the eye may see where the happy are,  
And the weary soul grow strong.

Ah ! the far, far seas where our hearts  
must grope  
Ever muffle their lips for me,  
Till a golden dawn light a boundless hope,  
And daybreak shine over the sea

Oh for the heart of a rose-red dawn  
Girt with purple and gold afar ;  
For a single hope that will burn unworn  
Like the light of a single star !

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‡ The Miraculous well at Mecca.

## A PEDLAR'S REFLECTION ON SOME CRITICS.

One word will set a critic,—well,  
It makes him lose his better senses ;  
And e'er he tugs them back from hell,  
They've manufactured sulphurous offences.

Gold ore of thought, and sense, and sound—  
Purest and best, they wildly ask for—  
And bright, and perfect, and profound,—  
No more : be sure, they could not scarcely  
ask more.

Oh hell ! beyond thine own precincts,  
Assayists, too, can filch and plunder.  
So many have illicit mints—  
The poor are robbed, a fool need scarcely  
wonder.

And far their flaming products fly,  
So mixed and general, each a new one,  
That, past the ken of human eye,  
T'would take the devil to detect a true one.

A PEDLAR'S REFLECTION ON SOME CRITICS.

O age intrepid, fierce, and false !  
O science ! truth ! acataleptic—  
We dare not swallow half your tales —  
Egregious morals, and propounds dyspeptic.

Nor must he who would up aspire,  
Give heed to all embrinded quip-thongs,  
Which Momus, in felonious ire,  
Blows coarsely in a hundred fashioned lip songs.

\* \* \* \* \*

All men are critics—but the bane  
Is here - so few are fit for teaching.  
Good lack of forethought, and of brain,  
Makes insolence a trifle over-reaching.

Like wags we pass in every street,  
Who waste their time in lilt and ditty,  
Scorning the hand that gives them meat—  
Sure they deserve the same contempt and pity.

Heav'n help the thought—no wiser fools  
From wholesome pasturage could wean us  
So many simple-hearted mules  
Bestridden gaily by a lewd Silenus.

A PEDLAR'S REFLECTION ON SOME CRITICS.

Alas, alas, —as thick as crass —  
That such should be the common leaders—  
Stern demagogues, more like the ass,  
Than him th' unraveller of abstruse procedures.

Remember, ye ! the world is wide,  
And modes of thought and sense are many ;  
And fools are they who'd scarce divide  
A fair unbiased share with all or any.

Low facial forms of shallow thought  
Are creeping into wisdom's temple ;  
And some large brains, once deeply wrought,  
Are growing crudely undersized and simple.

The narrow limits of their own  
Excludes the light that sees completer,  
In denseness, depth, in strangeness, tone,  
And pictured being in emollient metre.

Such critics, they !—'twere waste to find  
Them true befitting nomenclature.  
Not essence, they, of soul and mind,  
But crude concoctions of a blasted nature.

## A B S A L O M .

He stood before the palace gates like Horus,  
More than mortal man—so god-like ; yet  
As Moloch, beautiful, but smeared with blood.  
Him, crimsoning morn lit with an aureole glister,  
As boreal winds stirred the deep tresses round  
His shoulders fall'n ; wherein were gathered  
Ceylon's  
Costliest spices, ointments of the further Ind,  
And Ophir's finest dust of gold.  
Not dewy haw in Sharon's valley blooming,  
Nor Siloam's pools lapt o'er with myrrh and  
lily,  
Seemed half so lovely, nor so sweet,  
Though scintillating stars, couched on the  
nearmost  
Rim of heaven, glassed each itself within

**ABSAJOM.**

The pools, and Syriac gales shook the dewdrops  
along the rands.

Before him, capt with fire, those silent-lifting  
Seven towers, gold-bossed and burnished, broke  
Upwards, and from loftiest pinnacle—  
A golden globule like a fiery star—  
Flamed sentinel eye on domes and serried  
battlements,

Carved porticoes wrought round with basilisk  
And pard, high halls, polished and garlanded,  
And intersected courts, dotted with lawns,  
And flowery knolls, and fountains flashing deep  
In sprinkling torrents, like low moonbeams  
Trampling waves to silver.

He gazed, yet spake not; but his thoughts  
burnt on  
Him like a fever. Not revenge, nor aught  
Of that basilic pomp and pageantry  
Allured him, but an impulse, hell-born, scathed  
His soul as lightning scathes an oak-tree, and  
His conscience, wildering 'neath the sulphury  
storm

Of overwhelming evil, knew no light  
But lust, no hope but night, no joy but  
madness.

## ABSALOM.

Swift, he turned, and launching 'thwart his  
snorting  
Bayard, swifter flew, nor drew till gate  
And bar unbolted sprang, flashing imbronzed ;  
And lusty 'sentinels hurraed ; and every  
Hebronite acclaimed with rebel cheer,  
"Hail Ishbosheth ! — Long live king Absalom ! "

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A pleasant day for pleasant deeds ;  
A floating haze on summer seas,  
With scarce a wind to break the deep's repose ;  
O'er-arching osiers lapt in leafy dreams ;  
Nature's own deepest silence, like  
A nimbus gradual, begirting all things.  
In sooth, a pleasant day for pleasant deeds,  
And not for strife. But hark ! sounds not  
Aerial thunders deep'ning from the seas ?  
Lebanon hath cast his snows long since ;  
    hoarse roars  
The Jordan past his stormy shores no more.  
His turbulent floods have lapt to silence,—aye !  
He sleeps, like Innocence, in silence to the deep.  
But hark !—more near and ominously dread :  
Peels deep'ning, yet no clouds. But see !—

### **ABSALOM.**

Plumes tossing, and the polished spear flashing  
Flame-tipt refulgence to the sun ; rider  
And steed, chariot and car, and serried ranks  
In dangerous phalanx, moving steadily  
To stirring notes of flutes, and drums, and  
trumps.

### **II**

Another day has risen ; storm clouds, dun,  
Roll to the sky, and dark obscure the sun.  
From Pisgah's heights, the ominous thunder roll  
Falls, pealing like a death-knell on the soul ;  
While sullying smoke-columns, more like  
funeral shrouds,  
Wreathe slowly, thick and sombre to the clouds,  
Which, pall-like, lowering with portentous  
doom,  
Shall shroud a rebel in a deeper gloom.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was the sudden charge, the sharp recoil  
That gathers breathing for a bloodier toil.  
The swinging blade that menaced many a throat,  
Full-clashed, resounding on the blade it smote.  
The victim's shrieks, fast-sinking as he bleeds,  
And war cries mingling with the tramp of steeds,  
Where swaying lines, with furious hate anew,

**ABSAKOM.:**

Whirled high the blade, and shouted as they  
slew;

While every mountain peak and forest rang  
With answering echoes to the battle clang  
And deep'ning hours, devolving into night,  
Lulled into sleep the triumph, and the flight.  
Cynthia's pale beams a spectral radiance gave,  
Where youth and glory perished with the brave.  
Grim silence reigned where hope was won and  
lost,

And battle reaped its bloody holocaust.

The day that breaks in light may sink in storms,  
And hope may crumble at the wrecks of loss.  
The utmost bounds of all things lie across  
The ebb and flow of all that fate performs.

Enough! The violet blooms on Torno's steep;  
Thus, thus we laud its simple lovely grace.  
But hot blasts beat the petals down, and sweep  
Its ashes, reckless from its dwelling place—  
Life gropes behind the curtains of its fate;  
The world, struck blind 'neath its own shadow-  
view,

Beats its own drums to rappel and tatoo—  
Purple and ashes of its lorn estate.

TO THE MEMORY OF F. H. PEARSE.  
WHO DIED JULY 19, 1896.

Not wintry blasts have seared the leaf;  
Nor winter snows, pearling the shroud  
With more of gladness than of grief,—  
The silver lining of the sunset cloud—  
Have wrapt thee in thy winding sheet.  
No!—graves have tales more sad and sweet.

Not autumn winds have sighed their strains  
Of melody; nor autumn tears,  
Dripping alternate joys and pains,  
Have mellowed thy young life to riper years.  
No! the strung chords had scarcely gushed  
Their prelude bursts than snapt, and hushed.

The red rose blooms by hedge and lea,  
Vieing its kin in fair repute;  
And apple-blossoms, droopingly,  
Whiten to paleness on the verge of fruit;  
Nor pass the sequent path of spring—  
The ripening through the blossoming.

TO THE MEMORY OF F. H. PEARSE

And springs will come, and springs will go,  
And winter whiten many a lock.—  
Thy springtide ne'er shall pass, nor know  
The weight and substance of the ripened shock  
Of summer heat, and autumn's wane,  
Of gladsome hope, and bitter bane.

Ah ! graves have tales so sad and sweet.  
We weep, and lie the blossom by ;  
And mourn the broken, incomplete,  
Unfinished rounding of the heart and eye,  
Which, scarcely oped to purest day,  
Glazed to the storm, and passed away.

Eternal youth be thine. No cloud  
To shade ; no nipping blasts to sear  
The hallowed prospect of the shroud,  
And modest virtue of th' untimely tear—  
No storms to mar, with darkening strife,  
The daybreak of the set of life.

## THE FLIGHT OF THUNDERBOLT.

There are hoof-beats in the valley  
Striking echoes in the glen ;  
There are shoutings, fast and furious,  
Of a multitude of men.

Rifle-cracks run up the ridges ;  
Dust-clouds chase the horses' heels,  
Like a whirling troop of turkeys,  
Or a wriggling shoal of eels.

THE FLIGHT OF THUNDERBOLT.

“ Stop him ; shoot him ; faster, faster,”  
Roars a squatter on his colt.  
“ Half my land, and half my daughters  
For the head of Thunderbolt.”

Well, he might reward at random,  
With a kingdom or a crown,  
Half his land, and half his daughters,  
For to run the robber down.

Easier, far, to chain the thunder,  
Bind the lightning on the hills,  
Than outrun the flying robber—  
Baker, Parker, Ward, or Wills.

Over bridge, and over gulleys,  
Over broken mountain track,  
Lightsome flew the Bolt of Thunder  
With the squatters at his back.

See ! he halts along the ridges ;  
Slow dismounts, and looks around ;  
Leads his courser down a hollow  
Dipping gently underground.

THE FLIGHT OF THUNDERBOLT.

Then within a darksome cavern,  
Bastioned round with ferns and rocks,  
Primes his gun with fitter trimmings,  
Oils his stiff revolvers' locks.

Nearer grows the horses' clatter;  
Shouts and curses reach his ear.;  
“Where's the robber, mountain-devil?  
Last we saw him flying here.”

Right before his cave they falter,  
Swearing vengeance on his life ;  
Curse the muscle of his courser,  
Damn his father and his wife.

Then they turn, and winding slowly  
Down the hill-side, through the glen,  
Left him—Thunderbolt the Robber—  
Left him laughing in his den.

And when dusk was on the mountains  
And the valleys reft of light,  
Like a dingoe from the ridges,  
Forth he crept into the night.

THE FLIGHT OF THUNDERBOLT.

“ I was Thunderbolt the Robber,”  
Quoth he, “ now I’m squatter Wills ;  
Bolt of Thunder in the valleys,  
Bolt of Thunder on the hills.”

Then he rode him down the mountain  
To a cottage he had passed  
When the yelling pack of squatters  
Urged his courser far and fast.

Knocked he lightly at the portal,  
Straight the door was flung apart ;  
“ Take my humble welcome, sir, and  
Know an honest squatter’s heart.”

Then they talk of land and timber,  
And the price of cattle too,  
Of the rage of gold beyond them  
And the bold bushranger crew.

How that afternoon, the squatters,  
Ris’n in resolute array,  
O’er the hilltops, down the valley,  
Chased the Thunderbolt away.

THE FLIGHT OF THUNDERBOLT.

Quoth the robber, “ strange demeanour  
Wears this ranger Thunderbolt.  
Very gallant, no mistake, sir,  
Sooth he is a cunning colt.

“ Well I’d like to meet him broadly.  
Then his head would get its due,  
With an aim as true as steady,  
And a bullet whizzing through.”

Then he drew his shining pistols ;  
Wiped them clean of dust and dew,  
Looking personating vengeance  
On the deed he smiled to do.

And, retiring to his chamber,  
Slept the sleep of righteous rest—  
Rising with the red-bill, early,  
To betake his journey west.

“ Prithee, stranger ! quoth the squatter,  
“ I forgot to ask your name.”  
Quoth the robber “ Do I wonder ?  
Or hast thou been aught to blame.

THE FLIGHT OF THUNDERBOLT.

“ Many names I travel under  
To elude police and dolt,—  
Wills or Parker, Ward or Baker,  
But my chief is Thunderbolt.”

Had a cloud as dark as midnight  
Flung a bolt upon their track,  
Thunderbolt had ne’er flown faster,  
Squatter ne’er had grown as black.

Black with hate he roared and shouted  
“ Damned the wily devil be.”  
While the maidens muttered lowly,  
“ Gentlemanly fellow, he.”

## THE ROBBERY OF WINDY RIDGE.

Yellow bloom was on the wattle like a burnished  
arc of gold,  
Running up the Windy Gulley where its winding  
waters rolled  
To the hills beyond the gateway, and the  
wooden-pillared bridge,  
Resting like a tired infant at the foot of Windy  
Ridge.

THE ROBBERY OF WINDY RIDGE.

Bloom of gum and orange blossom, from the  
gurgling streams below,  
Running up along the hillsides, robed them  
with a wreath of snow.  
There, the droning gleaner garnered for his  
home beyond the hills,  
And the songsters trilled their carols to the  
rippling of the rills.

There, beyond the bridge and gateway where  
the sloping ridges fall,  
Rear the white walls and the turrets of the  
mansion Windy Hall,—  
With its terraces and fountains, and its avenues  
of pine,  
And its gaudy halls and portals, starred with  
gems of many a mine.

Beautiful th' empurpled twilight closed the  
bright decline of day.  
Pallid moon and trembling starlights glittered  
on their silver way—

### THE ROBBERY OF WINDY RIDGE

Far too calm, and far too lovely for the deeds  
about to fall  
Like a thunderbolt of ruin on the mansion  
Windy Hall.

Deeply, sleep was on the mansion, on the  
mountain, and the lea.  
Silence, like a dreamless angel, lulled the  
breezes on the sea,—  
Broken only by the dingoe howling over  
yonder dune,  
And the owl beyond the hilltops hooting lowly  
to the moon.

Hark ! a footstep grinds the gravel with the  
crunch of smothered heels ;  
See ! a robber lifts the lattice, and athwart the  
lintel kneels.—  
God preserve the lives of those within it from  
the blabe that wounds and kills—  
For 'tis Thunderbolt the wily robber-devil of  
the hills.

### THE ROBBERY OF WINDY RIDGE

There were two within that mansion,—one a  
maid of tender years,—  
And her sire with whom she lived and drunk  
with him, his cup of tears;  
For her mother died at ocean, scarce two  
fleeting summers past,  
Where the Horn frowns bleakly thro' th' Atlantic's  
scourge of storm and blast.

Lightly, up the polished stairway, Thunder-  
bolt the robber stept,  
Creeping noiseless in the chamber where the  
dreaming maiden slept;  
But a sense of certain danger down her  
throbbing pulses streamed,  
For, before her and the moon-light, stood the  
robber, and she screamed.

Dauntless he, with cruel fingers, clutched the  
shrieking maiden's throat,  
As he muttered fiercely, " curse thee maiden !  
curse thee ;—cease thy note."

THE ROBBERY OF WINDY RIDGE.

But a pistol shot rung from the chamber  
where her sire slept,  
And the robber, like an apparition, through  
the lattice leapt.

Close the curtains sadly on the tragedy of  
Windy Hall.  
Gently bear the purest mortal that was ever  
'neath a pall.  
Let the violet bloom above her, and the virgin  
blossom wave;  
For the ball that flew to save her, laid her  
coldly in her grave.

There, beside yon dripping fountain, sire and  
maid rest side by side,  
And the night-winds sigh in every gust the  
griefs of which he died;  
While the climbing portals crumble, and the  
tottering turrets fall,  
And the midnight mountains moan the  
ghostly tales of Windy Hall.

## MICK HOOLIGAN'S RIDE.

We were camping one night, at the foot of  
    The Crag,  
By the log-fire's crackle and roar,  
When a traveller came in with his billy and  
    swag,  
And a grin running right round his jaw.

With his hat skewed aside like an Indian's  
    cockade,  
And his trousers, to tatters, nigh run,  
He looked, in the weather-worn figure he made,  
The personification of fun.

MICK HOOLIGAN'S RIDE.

We gave him the best of our scanty repast,  
Which he polished with many a joke ;  
And propping his back 'gainst a stump, broad  
and fast.  
He drew forth his pipe for a smoke.

We saw a queer twinkle run over his eye,  
As he clapt his lean hands at his side.  
Then he asked with an elegant glance to the  
sky,  
“Did you hear uv Mick Hooligan’s ride.”

“ No ! well thin I’m the man as I’m tarkin  
t’ you wid ;  
Und a jolly quaere roide I had.  
If the bashte as I rode had’nt shtopt whin he did ;  
I might have been dead now, be dad.

“ Yer know Walter Doodle of Bannego flat.—  
Bad luck to his blatherin’ tork—  
He knew I was jist a bit skewed in the hat,  
And as green as a cabbage in Cork.

MICK HOOLIGAN'S RIDE.

“One marnin,’ he says—like an angel, he did—  
The devil, I thought it was true—  
“Mick! saddle yer hoss, and I’ll give ye a quid  
If yer’ll cetch me a kangaroo.’

“So we wint to the bush wid a dozen of dogs,  
And the kangars skeedaddled away;  
And afther, me nag wint, over gulleys and logs,  
And me shtickin’ toight as a flay.

“The blatherin’ thing! I niver ha’ thought  
As she’d play me a horrible thrick.  
I was right on a kangaroo’s tail in me shport,  
And proddin’ him up wid a shtick.

“Whin the bashte as I rode, shnartin’ gamely  
ahead,  
Shtumbled on to her knees on the thrack,  
And I took a shakdoodle clane over her head,  
Right on to the kangaroo’s back.

### MICK HOOLIGAN'S RIDE

“And away wint the bashte wid the shtep of  
the wind ;

And of coorse yer may guess I was scart.

And I whispered, ‘ be aisy, me darlint ; be  
koind,

Or I fear as yer’ll shkiddle me heart.

“ Uv Ireland I thought, and me mother in Cork,  
And me swateheart dear Biddy O’Hale,  
‘ Be aisy, me darlint ; cool down to a walk,  
And let me shlip over yer tail.

“ But niver a bit did he reckon to shtay,  
But fashter and fashter flew he ;  
And me yellin’, and squaelin’, and shoutin’  
away,  
And me own dogs flyin’ hard afther me.

“ Begorra, I thought, as we came to a hut,  
Most loikely the craythur’ll shtop—  
Jest thinking he’d cripple his back or his neck,  
but  
The devil wint over the top.

MICK HOOLIGAN'S RIDE.

“ Hoi, hoi, now that's good, I jest thart in me  
moind,

‘ Git along wid yer wallopin' tail.

Me blood's in me head, and I think as yer'll  
foind

I'm as wild as a goat at a rail

“ Git along wid yer nonsense,—hoi, hoop-  
poop-ti-la,

And I kicked in his ribs wid me haele.

And he jumped and he bucked like that hoss  
over thar,

And I think I wint over his taele.

I think as me liver went out of its place,

And me heart to a corner did craepe ;

And me shtomick wint shkidderin' up thro' me  
face,

And Oi musht ha' wint shnorin' ashlaepe.

“ Howiver, I woke be Saint Pathrick's koind  
care,

But I'll niver go roidin' agin,—

Not for all the foine bacon of Dublin or Clare,  
Or the bawbees of Brien O'Lynn

## WELL, IT'S QUEER.

Well, it's queer, no mistake,  
What a little will make  
Two nations spring up for a battle,—  
Like dogs for a bone,  
Or bulls overgrown,  
To be lords of a few simple cattle.

Sure, the world's full of riot,  
And squabbings unquiet,  
To blare on the height of its fashions.  
It fights at a tangent,  
For jealousy rankles,  
And men are the tools of their passions.

WELL, IT'S QUEER.

We look in our madness,  
And we say, half in sadness,  
“ Who will shiver the idols we cherish ?  
The greed of the people  
Becomes a high steeple,  
Which, in climbing, the nation will perish.”

A thin voice speaks lowly—  
Slowly, ah ! slowly,  
Thin as the owlet that screeches,  
“ We, when we drop frock,  
Chemises, and smock,  
And stalk forth in masculine breeches.”

## EVEN-SONG.

Calm the twilight silence creepeth  
Up the golden-storied west.  
Nature, like an infant, sleepeth  
Soft in innocence and rest.  
Hark ! a phantom music pealeth.  
There the angel-lips repeat,  
“ In the twilight, passion feeleth,  
Love is blessed, love is sweet.”

## CHORUS.

List ye ! loose your soul's light pinions.  
Fly, where angel-lips repeat,  
“ In the gloaming, passion feeleth  
Love is blessed, love is sweet ”

EVEN-SONG.

O'er the lea, the sheep-bells tinkle ;  
On the heights, the sun is low ;  
Waters, thro' the dingle, sprinkle  
Murmurous music as they flow.  
Hark ! they seem to mutter lowly,  
Swelling on the stilly air,  
“ In the gloaming, gathered slowly  
Love is blessed, love is fair.”

CHORUS.

List, ye ! as they mutter lowly,  
Swelling on the stilly air,  
“ In the gloaming, gathered slowly,  
Love is blessed, love is fair.”

## THE INDIAN.

One evening, as the sun was low,  
And wintry vapours chilled the air,  
With struggling footsteps patient slow,  
A jaded Indian hawked his ware.

'Twas in the month of June. The time  
When frosts descend and nip the sprout,  
And water-pipes are choked with rime,  
And ewers crack along the spout.

THE INDIAN.

When nothing tempts to open sport,  
And houses close in shuttered bounds,  
And maids, thro' doors scarce open caught,  
Peep, e'er their lovers' whistle sounds.

On such an eve, the Indian came,  
Bearing his load with patient tread.  
His turbaned head, high reared o'er shame,  
Sustained the ware that bought his bread.

He reached my door, and bending to  
His bundled casket, slow unlocked ;  
Wiped a hot tear that trickled through  
His sunken lids, and gently knocked.

“ God bless this house,” was first he said ;  
Then “ you want anything to-day ?  
Buy something boss ! I have no bread,  
And I have nought wherewith to pay.”

His tender and appealing tone  
Smote my compassion, as a knife  
Striking thro' skin and flesh, and bone,  
Trembles against the fount of life.

THE INDIAN.

And more than that—his noble face  
Bore traces yet of better days,  
For want had left a shrivelled grace  
That pedigree alone could raise.

Of slender form and stately height,  
And features cast in finest mould,  
He might have been a prince or knight  
And charged in jousts a warrior bold.

But not so now.—The priceless pearl  
Of social blessedness was lost ;  
For him the storm, the dog, the churl,  
Had left him little save his cost.

Again he said “ God bless this house ;  
Please, boss, I’m weak and very poor.  
Your countrymen are bad, heav’n knows,  
And insult me at every door.”

“ Buy something boss,” in accents meek,  
He pleaded as he dropt his eye.  
But his scant goods, and paltry eke,  
I deemed, just then, scarce worth to buy.

THE INDIAN.

“ Nothing to-day, sir,” I replied,  
    Harsh as a hollow-sounding note.  
The words I uttered, e'er they died,  
    Choked back with shame upon my throat.

“ Kind Christ,” he muttered 'neath his breath  
    “ The world is cruel in its greed.  
Give me to die, for surely death  
    Will satisfy my hungering need.”

Essaying still his pleading quest,  
    He asked again in modest fear,  
(Heav'n knows, he seemed to need some rest,  
    So tired he looked) “ Can I sleep here ?

“ Last night, on yonder field I lay,  
    Without a covering but the sky.  
None gave me shelter lest I pay,  
    And I had naught wherewith to buy.

“ Please, boss, a shelter give. Refuse  
    Me not—the bail or barn will do.  
Feel my stiff hands—last night's cold dews  
    Have numbed my body thro' and thro' ”

### THE INDIAN

“No room, sir,” I replied. “My shed  
Is full, and mangers too. Go seek.”  
The pallor o'er his brow that spread,  
Detained the words I strove to speak.

He caught his ware, and lightly said  
“Alright, boss” and then turned away.  
Like clods that strike the coffin bed,  
His words do haunt me every day.

His benedictions are my bane  
‘God bless this house’ so softly said ;  
And I, for blessing gave him pain,—  
A loaf of stone for simple bread.

And since I’ve asked the reason why  
Was barred my mercy to his aid,  
Since plenty crowned my barns, and I  
Sat smiling ’mid the joys she made.

We pray ‘good Lord ! the heathen save  
In Afric’s wilds, and dusky Ind.’  
Heav’n knows ! more shadows robe a grave  
Thro’ such a deed wherein I sinned.

THE INDIAN.

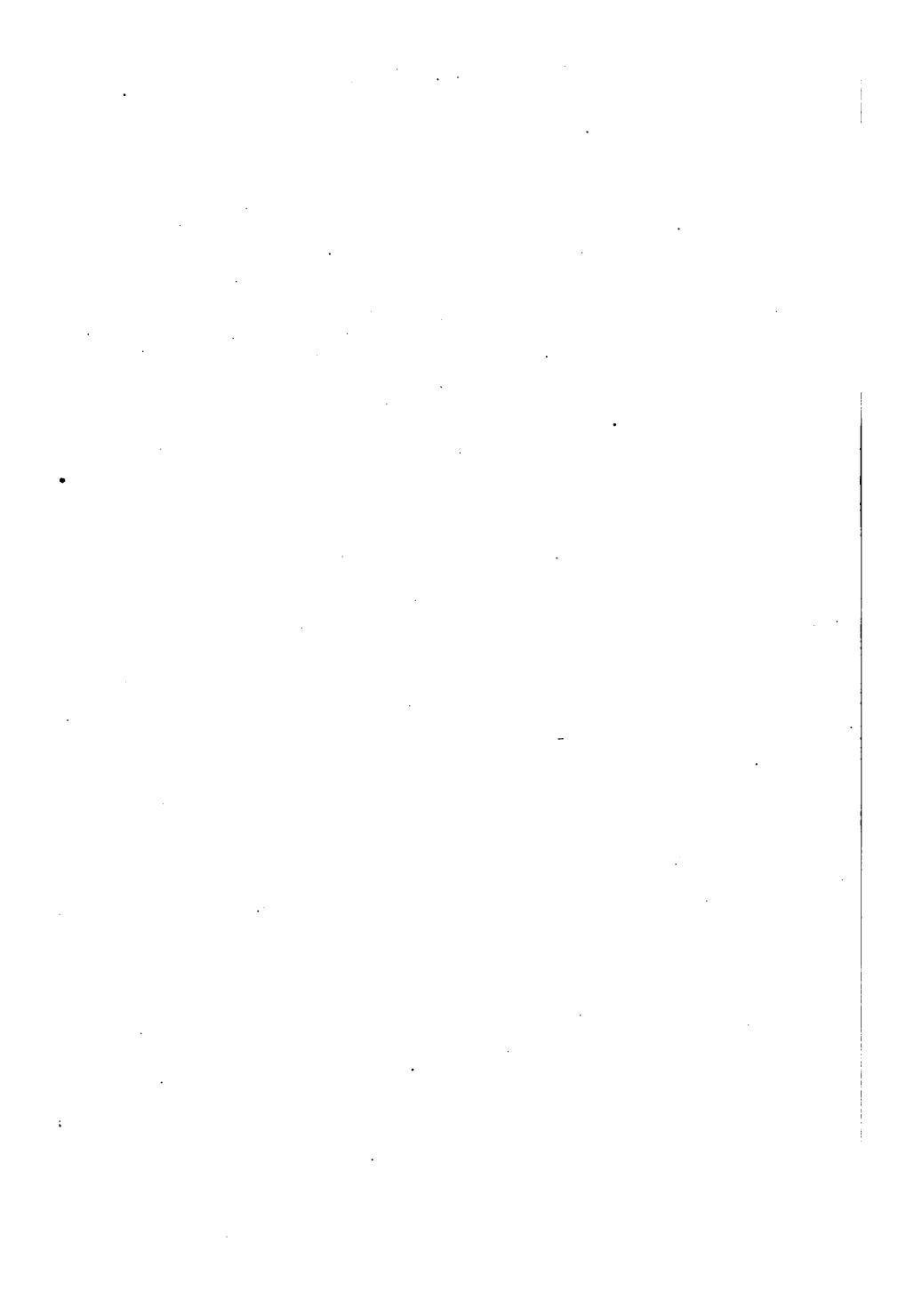
Sin ! Ah ! was it not sin and shame  
That I no simple shelter gave.—  
' God bless this house' so softly came,  
And I have sent him to his grave.

He left me on that winter's eve,  
And passed adown the village lane.  
God knows the pangs that made him grieve,  
And loaded him with woe and pain.

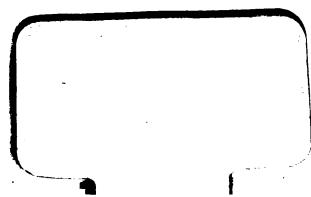
That night he laid him down and slept  
Beneath the bridge that spanned a creek—  
One gelid tear (he must have wept)  
Was frozen calmly on his cheek.

Of men unheard, his last sad word,  
It might have been ' God bless my foe.'  
Too frail a jewel to be blurred,  
God took him from his couch of snow.

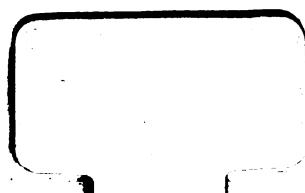
Be his the bliss of quiet rest  
Beyond the bourn of want and need.  
Be mine, remorse the bitterest,  
And canker of a Christless deed.



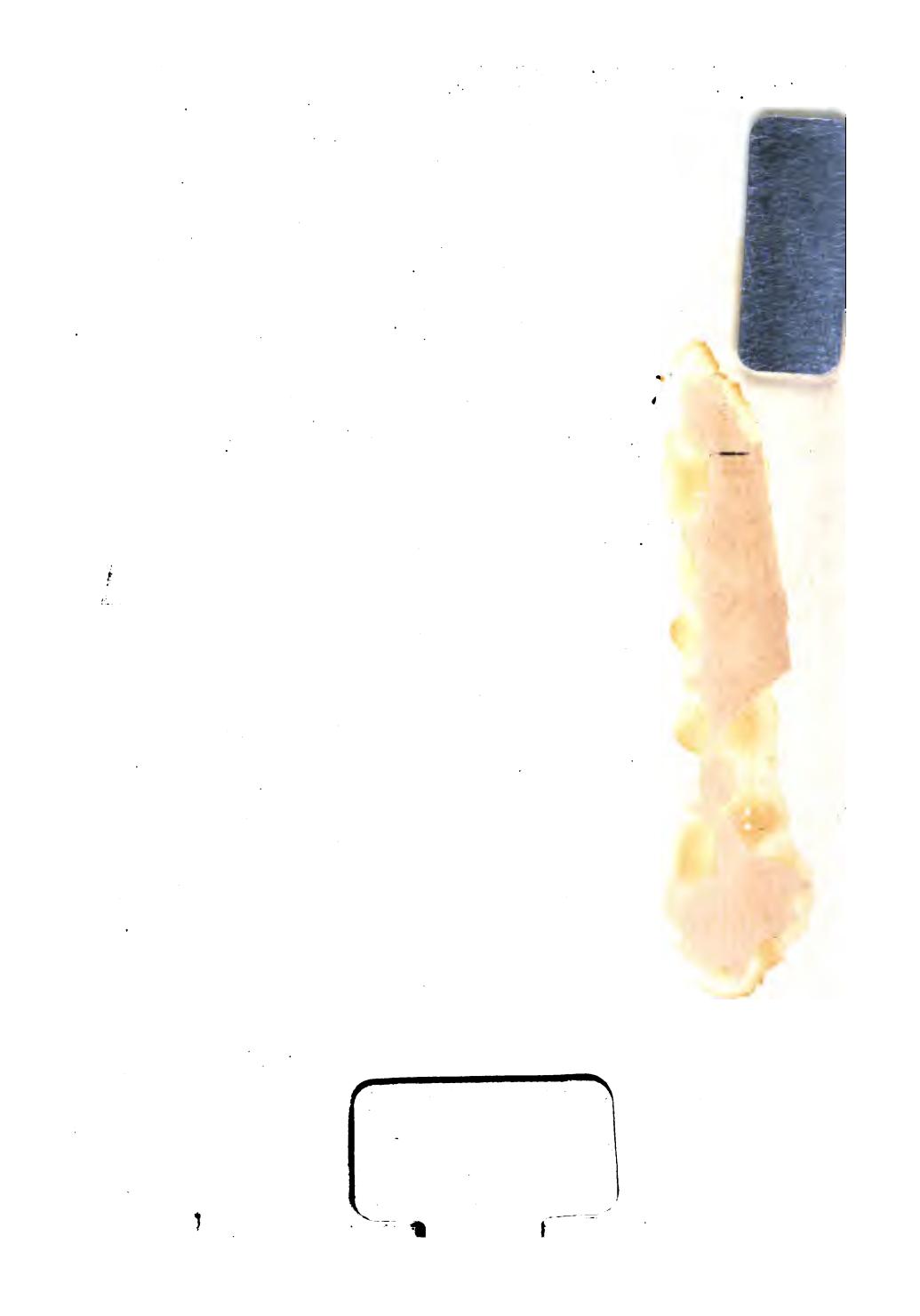
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